Poetry Series

J.A McManus

- poems -

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J.A McManus (19/2/1983)

I am 26, happily married and have two children. I am a aspiring poet and novelist. I hope anyone viewing my work will enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them. If anyone wishes to discuss my poetry with me please feel free to ask any questions you may have, thanks.

Works:

None yet!

Another year gone

Is it just me or does time seem to move faster the older you get?
It almost feels like the world is moving too quickly and
I must move with it or be left behind, for the world waits for no man
I can remember when I was much younger than I am now
It doesn't seem that long ago, does it?
Perhaps it does, but I'm not certain
I can remember things, things that seem like they happened yesterday
But at the same time they don't seem real
Because the person in those memories is not me
Well, at least not the me that I am now
I have changed, the endless march of time has made sure of that
But I am not sad and I am not bitter
I have become a husband and a father
And because of those precious gifts
I yearn to know what other beautiful things
I may become with the turning of the world
But even the wonderful blessings which may come in the years ahead make the speeding of time no less strange or frightening.

J.A McManus

Broken soldier

War how can it be justified
Think of all the babies that have cried
As they witness their parents death
Choking on tears robbing them of breath
Where are their rights, their respect?
War is never moral, it’s never constructive
Only desperate and destructive
Can you imagine shooting another human being
Surely that is a feeling
No medal can ever erase
An absolute insult, a bloody disgrace
Scores of men and women who don’t know what they’re fighting for
I ask again how can you justify war.
Indiscriminate, unstoppable and obscene
Men and women become part of the conscious killing machine
Telling themselves their restoring some kind of democracy
Go ahead swallow the propaganda, believe the hypocrisy
But when you get shot and flown back home
Just watch how much care you are shown
You’ll probably end up being left for dead
Laying helpless in your hospital bed
Feeling betrayed, used and cheap
Guess what, You’re just another soldier left broken on the scrap heap.

J.A McManus

Capitalism & Warfare

We live in a world that hates to love, but loves to hate
Lives being dictated by political debate
In so called free, democratic societies
People are being murdered every day
But most of us are only worrying about pay day
To make things worse capitalistic overlords
Keep sending our sons abroad to fake wars
But we're too drunk to realise slumped on all fours
We are the definition of the human condition
Contaminated by warfare and capitalism.

J.A McManus

Dead drummers beat

I can hear the pounding of the dead drummers beat
Telling me of the secrets that only they can keep
From within their eternal, dark, dreamless sleep
Damned to reside within the waters so vast and deep

They tell me of days when the earth was still young
They teach me the lyrics of the songs that they sung
They tell me of the battles that they have fought
And about all of the lessons which they were taught

They show me exotic goods from ancient market stalls
Then the ruined insides of their once splendid halls
With walls that were made from the strongest of stones
But even they were unable to resist the ocean’s deep, deadly groans

So now, these people lay hidden within the waters so vast and deep
Their skeletons lay lifeless within death’s dark, dreamless sleep
As their restless souls whisper the secrets that only they can keep
Can you hear the pounding of the dead drummers beat?

J.A McManus

Empires

Empires are like the waves on a never ending ocean of time
They start off humbly before rising out of the gloom of their origins
Forever reaching towards the sacred light of the heavens
Searching for a promise that is never found, or realized.
Those that bare witness to it can only marvel at it’s decadence,
It’s raw, unlimited power, and it’s endless, unsatisfied greed
Then when the monstrosity that it has finally become
Reaches its pinnacle it crashes violently back down
Into the oblivion of the darkness which gave it birth
Only for another to follow in its wake, thus the cycle goes on.

J.A McManus

First class

Clothes, cars and even your home
We all judge success and status on the things we own
Corrupted and confused
Young minds getting abused
Everybody working themselves into an early grave
You don’t have to be black to be a descendant of a slave
I have to ask who built this so-called system of class?
Empty headed, elitist bureaucrats
Too eager to tax, not so eager to teach
Ask a non believer if they’re ready to preach
We all seem to be celebrity obsessed
Addicted to adverts of gratuitous sex
Living in communities without self-respect
Where people are becoming morally and socially inept
I’m just one man, I can’t change the globe
But if we realise we’re all one race at least there’d be hope
We’re being reduced to living like animals
Confined in a cage of brick and glass
Whilst the rich remain the powerful and live life in first class.

J.A McManus

I am

I am the descendant of kings and thanes
I am the son of refugees and slaves
I am a silent consenter of war and deprivation
I am the victim of my own desperation
I am a unwilling participant of consumerism
I am just another number inside the invisible prison
I am a disgusted spectator of deceit and corruption
I am the perpetrator of my own mass destruction
I am you. I am me
Together we are one. Together we are free

J.A McManus

Little ones

Little ones don’t wish your life away
Live for the now, remember today
I hope you don’t forget to laugh often and loud
To seek silver linings in every dark cloud
Remember when life falls apart at the seams
To never give up on yourself or your dreams
Don’t ever hinder love no matter the form
Who are we to judge what’s right or what’s wrong
Because love is always a gift which should never be lost
You must fight for it with all your heart, whatever the cost.

J.A McManus

Lost

From the pit of my coldness
You burn me with acid-filled glares
Like I am nothing but garbage left to go stale
Out here I have no shelter from the rain

I wander hungrily through familiar streets
Looking for somewhere to belong
I am labelled as a leper amongst the sick
For you do not want to see or hear my pain

As I stand in the doorway of my despair
I watch the world from it’s shadows
I have become a phantom with no hope
For I have ran out of people to blame.

J.A McManus

Old friend

Has the ball finally fell to rest
Upon your stately, broken breast?
Has the trumpet lost it’s tune
Amongst the flowers all in bloom?

The swine eat greedily at your flesh
They reject your once noble quest
Yet they carry your light within their hands
So they may burn the foreign lands

You were once the vessel of liberty
But now you’re the mask of tyranny
So goodbye my dear old friend
For I fear you have met your end.

J.A McManus

Poison

We see it everyday in various shapes and sizes
It lays dangerous and silent under corporate disguises
Its image is enhanced by the desensitising machine
Being paraded by some macho man or beauty queen
Most of us go out, at least once a week
Just to get a taste, of our favourite liquid treat
I ask how many times have you sought the sanctuary of your bed?
As you desperately try to cure that spinning in your head
Your bloated gut groans and aches
Whilst your body trembles and shakes
Your throat begins to burn
And your stomach starts to churn
"Never again, never again! " You promise as you seek respite.
The poison simply replies,
"I'll see you again, and you know that I'm right."

J.A McManus

Seagull

How nice it would be to be a gull so wild and free
I would flee the land and bask in the serenity of the sea
I would be able to go wherever, whenever I please
A passenger upon the sweet summer breeze

I imagine myself soaring majestically through the air
I would fly all day long without a care
I would then find some lonely, long forgotten isle
And watch the clear blue waves for a long forgotten while

If I got hungry I would fly back to the shore
So I could scavenge for food off the baking hot floor
Then I would be off again, back to the sanctuary of the sea
How nice it would be to be a gull so wild and free.

J.A McManus

Thank you

I still can’t believe that you have left
I still find it hard to catch my breath
Every time that I think of you
I remember all the things I never got to say and do
You taught me what it takes to be a man
You were the one who always helped me understand
And it’s true that I never cried when you died
But crying wouldn’t have done justice to the pain I felt inside
Because you were more than a family member to me
You were more like the man I aspire to be
I remember you taking me for long walks
But most of all I remember our long talks
To me you were more than life itself
The one who could always give me some help
Why did you have to go so quick?
Why did you have to go and get sick?
Everything that I am is down to you
And I would just like to say thank you.

J.A McManus

Time

As the centuries pass
The ages come and go
But time travels too fast
For the race of man to grow

He becomes insane
In his insatiable quest for power
The stars witness his eternal refrain
From within the twilight hour

Man longs for youth
But is destined to age
So he grows bitter from this truth
Until the end of his days

Finally when the sun no longer brightens the skies
And the stars have forever lost their shine
I wonder if man might finally realise
That his greatest enemy is time

J.A McManus

Watcher

You are like a beautiful feather that flutters upon a gentle breeze
I stand silently in wonder trying not to disturb your fragile journey
Then I bend down and kiss your forehead and whisper quietly,
“You are as brilliant and inspiring as the dawning sun
For when I gaze at you the darkness of the world fades away
Into nothingness and is replaced by your pure, luminous beauty.”

J.A McManus

Whenever

Whenever I hear birds singing
As I walk under tall, green trees
I shall think of you and smile

Whenever I hear a sweet wrapper
Rustling gently in the breeze
I shall remember you and smile

Whenever I long to hear the sound
Of your infectious, joyful laughter
I shall miss you always.

J.A McManus